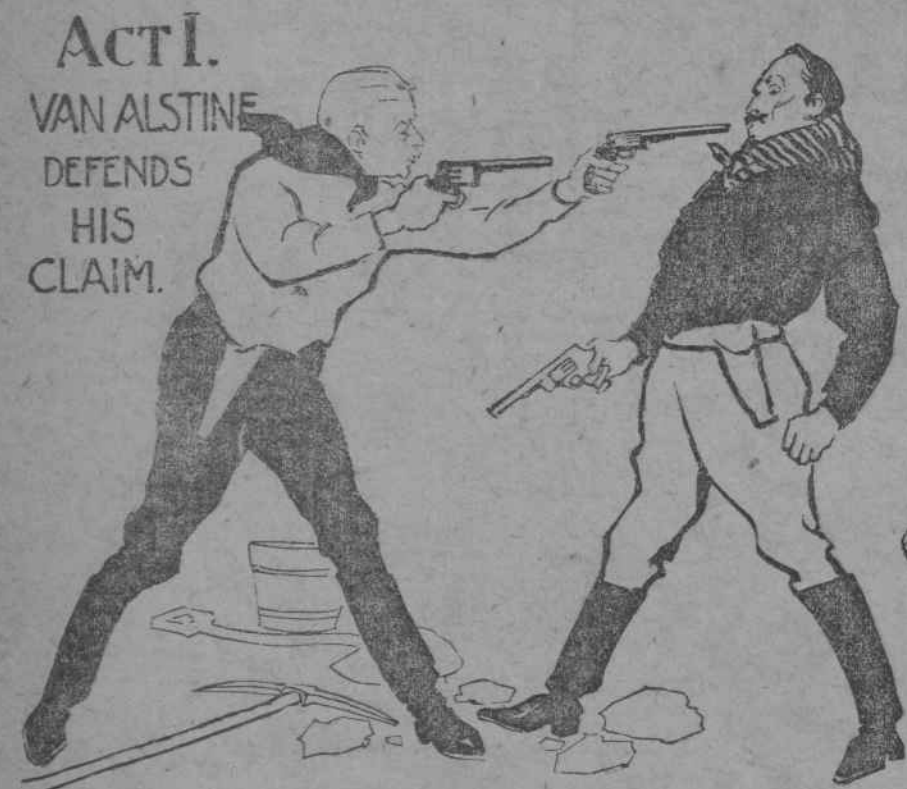


GOLD NUGGETS = Now a Blonde Beauty Won Mr. Van Alstine's Heart and Gold And = KLONDIKE ROMANCE = His Blonde Bride = GOLD HAIR. Now He's Hunting for His Blonde Bride with Detectives.



ACT 1. VAN ALSTINE DEFENDS HIS CLAIM.



ACT 2. FLIRTATION ON A YUKON STEAMER

pink and white valentine angel was born up and had troubles of her own. He was never so happy in his life. He told her she needn't prospect any more, and she needn't even think of selling the two poor little lots she'd plucked and saved to buy, and he said he knew of a fortune lying right at her little feet, and he asked her if she wouldn't let him get right down in the dust and pick it up for her.

The pink and white angel was amazed. She said Mr. Van Alstine was so sudden. Mr. Van Alstine's heart sank so that he felt quite ill.

The pink and white angel related. She told Mr. Van Alstine he mustn't fret, that she would think it all over, and maybe—

Mr. Van Alstine lived on that maybe for two long and fervid hours.

Then the angel said, "Well, seeing there's a minister aboard, and all so handy—why, just for luck!"

And just for luck it was—bad luck for

Charles Van Alstine, but he didn't know it, and she didn't care, so they were both happy. The minister who was so "handy" married the man and woman—and some of the passengers looked at the woman's poppy-red cheeks and greenish gold hair and laughed, and some of them looked at Charles Van Alstine's honest face and brave smiling eyes, and sighed. And the crew were treated all round, and everybody drank to the health of the bride and groom and wished them happy days.

When the steamer landed, Mrs. and Mrs. Van Alstine went shopping.

Mrs. Van Alstine wanted everything she saw, and Mr. Van Alstine bought it for her.

They did the Pacific Coast, and left a trailing cloud of tips and fees and nuggets behind them everywhere.

Then they came to New York.

They went to the Hoffman House and ordered many kinds of things to eat, and all kinds of things to drink, and they decided to live there and "do Broadway."

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Mrs. Van Alstine wore a brand new diamond star to breakfast one morning and a blazing emerald bracelet to breakfast the next morning.

She bought rubies and sapphires and everything but opals. She said opals were "rank hoodoos," and her husband kept on changing nuggets into coin.

He took boxes at the theatres, and sat and gloated over the way his wife's greenish blond hair shone in the gaslight, and he thought every man in the theatre

envied him the light in the shining eyes of the woman who sat in the box beside him.

One night he spent a great deal of money at a supper, and the pink and white angel pouted a little. "You are such a dear old spendthrift," she said. "You're too generous. Every one cheats you. Let me take care of your money for you."

So the man drew nine drafts—amounting in all to \$36,000—and made them payable to his wife and gave them to the woman to keep for him, and she put the drafts in her little black satchel and laughed and called her husband a "dear old stupid."

In the afternoon of the day that she put the drafts in her little black satchel the woman was taken suddenly very ill.

Her husband sent for a doctor.

The doctor came, and he said that Mrs. Van Alstine was nervous and needed rest. She said she wanted to go to a hospital, and the doctor sent her to St. Mark's on Second avenue. She wept pitifully when she bade her husband good-by.

One fine day when her husband went to the hospital to see her she was gone.

He hurried down to the hotel. "She has gone there," he thought. "She wants to surprise me"—but he did not find her at the hotel.

He never found her.

He went to the police to get them to look for her. "I know she's dead, poor little thing, or sick somewhere, and can't send for me," he said. It took a brave man to tell him the truth, that the blond angel from off the Valentine had gone; that the woman he had loved and trusted with all his simple heart had robbed him and run away.

He laughed at the bare suggestion of such a thing at first. Then he was angry at the idea of any one daring to think ill of his wife. When he saw the whole truth he picked his trunk and sent it to the dock.

"Where are you going?" said a man who had helped him hunt for the woman.

"After her," said Charles Van Alstine.

"But!"

Charles Van Alstine hitched his trousers as if his pistol hurt him at the waist band. "This is a mighty small world, partner," he said. "I guess I'll run 'round it once or twice and see if I can't find her."

So he went. And now he is in London, looking. And so the little Scotland Yard detective is his shadow. "In case," he says, "in case, don't ye know, I really finds 'er."

And all of Charles Van Alstine's friends—and the honest, kindly, generous hearted fellow has many friends—are hoping, for his sake, that the little blond angel will run 'round the world faster than he, and keep ahead of him until his blood has time to cool.

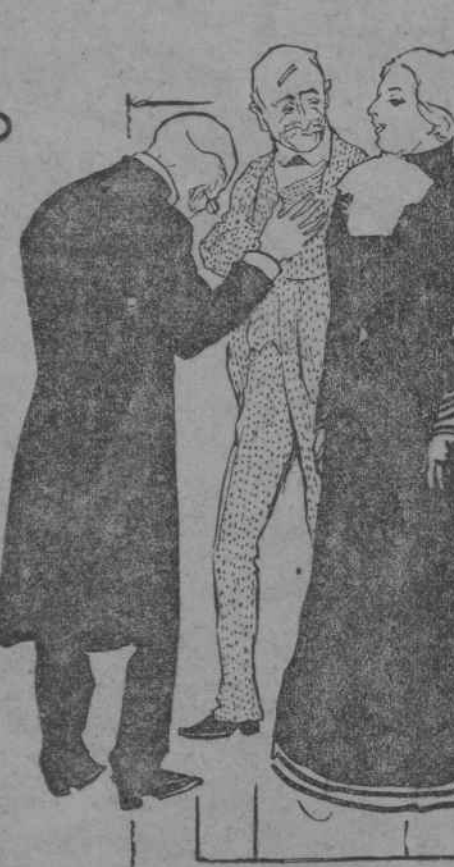
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WINIFRED BLACK.

ACT 3. MARRIED ON BOARD NEXT DAY.

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ACT 4. CHANGING NUGGETS INTO MONEY.

Charles Van Alstine, but he didn't know it, and she didn't care, so they were both happy. The minister who was so "handy" married the man and woman—and some of the passengers looked at the woman's poppy-red cheeks and greenish gold hair and laughed, and some of them looked at Charles Van Alstine's honest face and brave smiling eyes, and sighed. And the crew were treated all round, and everybody drank to the health of the bride and groom and wished them happy days.

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envied him the light in the shining eyes of the woman who sat in the box beside him.

One night he spent a great deal of money at a supper, and the pink and white angel pouted a little. "You are such a dear old spendthrift," she said. "You're too generous. Every one cheats you. Let me take care of your money for you."

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The doctor came, and he said that Mrs. Van Alstine was nervous and needed rest. She said she wanted to go to a hospital, and the doctor sent her to St. Mark's on Second avenue. She wept pitifully when she bade her husband good-by.

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He laughed at the bare suggestion of such a thing at first. Then he was angry at the idea of any one daring to think ill of his wife. When he saw the whole truth he picked his trunk and sent it to the dock.

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"After her," said Charles Van Alstine.

"But!"

Charles Van Alstine hitched his trousers as if his pistol hurt him at the waist band. "This is a mighty small world, partner," he said. "I guess I'll run 'round it once or twice and see if I can't find her."

So he went. And now he is in London, looking. And so the little Scotland Yard detective is his shadow. "In case," he says, "in case, don't ye know, I really finds 'er."

And all of Charles Van Alstine's friends—and the honest, kindly, generous hearted fellow has many friends—are hoping, for his sake, that the little blond angel will run 'round the world faster than he, and keep ahead of him until his blood has time to cool.

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Mr. Van Alstine certainly was generous to Mrs. Van Alstine, and the various people he meets in his devious ways about London all declare that it really is a "shame" for a lady to be so wretched, that it is.

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pink and white valentine angel was born up and had troubles of her own. He was never so happy in his life. He told her she needn't prospect any more, and she needn't even think of selling the two poor little lots she'd plucked and saved to buy, and he said he knew of a fortune lying right at her little feet, and he asked her if she wouldn't let him get right down in the dust and pick it up for her.

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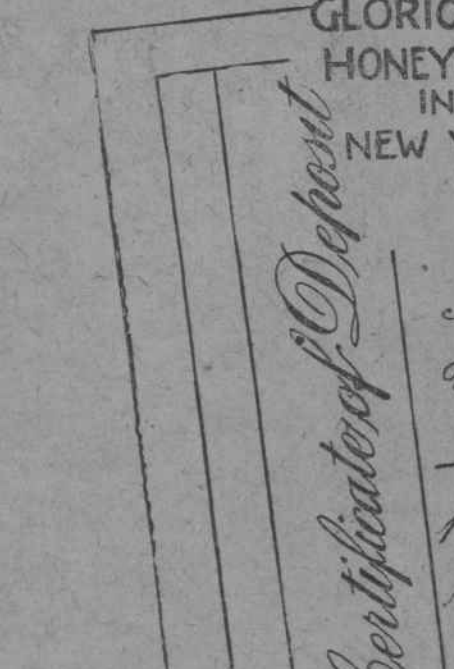
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ACT 6. INDULGING HER LITTLE CAPRICE

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She said one place was as good as another for a lone woman to live—she didn't see much in living, anyway; things got so lonesome sometimes. And it gradually dawned upon Charles Van Alstine that the

pink and white valentine angel was born up and had troubles of her own. He was never so happy in his life. He told her she needn't prospect any more, and she needn't even think of selling the two poor little lots she'd plucked and saved to buy, and he said he knew of a fortune lying right at her little feet, and he asked her if she wouldn't let him get right down in the dust and pick it up for her.

The pink and white angel was amazed. She said Mr. Van Alstine was so sudden. Mr. Van Alstine's heart sank so that he felt quite ill.

The pink and white angel related. She told Mr. Van Alstine he mustn't fret, that she would think it all over, and maybe—

Mr. Van Alstine lived on that maybe for two long and fervid hours.

Then the angel said, "Well, seeing there's a minister aboard, and all so handy—why, just for luck!"

And just for luck it was—bad luck for

Charles Van Alstine, but he didn't know it, and she didn't care, so they were both happy. The minister who was so "handy" married the man and woman—and some of the passengers looked at the woman's poppy-red cheeks and greenish gold hair and laughed, and some of them looked at Charles Van Alstine's honest face and brave smiling eyes, and sighed. And the crew were treated all round, and everybody drank to the health of the bride and groom and wished them happy days.

When the steamer landed, Mrs. and Mrs. Van Alstine went shopping.

Mrs. Van Alstine wanted everything she saw, and Mr. Van Alstine bought it for her.

They did the Pacific Coast, and left a trailing cloud of tips and fees and nuggets behind them everywhere.

Then they came to New York.

They went to the Hoffman House and ordered many kinds of things to eat, and all kinds of things to drink, and they decided to live there and "do Broadway."

They began with the jewellers.

Mrs. Van Alstine wore a brand new diamond star to breakfast one morning and a blazing emerald bracelet to breakfast the next morning.

She bought rubies and sapphires and everything but opals. She said opals were "rank hoodoos," and her husband kept on changing nuggets into coin.

He took boxes at the theatres, and sat and gloated over the way his wife's greenish blond hair shone in the gaslight, and he thought every man in the theatre

envied him the light in the shining eyes of the woman who sat in the box beside him.

One night he spent a great deal of money at a supper, and the pink and white angel pouted a little. "You are such a dear old spendthrift," she said. "You're too generous. Every one cheats you. Let me take care of your money for you."

So the man drew nine drafts—amounting in all to \$36,000—and made them payable to his wife and gave them to the woman to keep for him, and she put the drafts in her little black satchel and laughed and called her husband a "dear old stupid."

In the afternoon of the day that she put the drafts in her little black satchel the woman was taken suddenly very ill.

Her husband sent for a doctor.

The doctor came, and he said that Mrs. Van Alstine was nervous and needed rest. She said she wanted to go to a hospital, and the doctor sent her to St. Mark's on Second avenue. She wept pitifully when she bade her husband good-by.

One fine day when her husband went to the hospital to see her she was gone.

He hurried down to the hotel. "She has gone there," he thought. "She wants to surprise me"—but he did not find her at the hotel.

He never found her.

He went to the police to get them to look for her. "I know she's dead, poor little thing, or sick somewhere, and can't send for me," he said. It took a brave man to tell him the truth, that the blond angel from off the Valentine had gone; that the woman he had loved and trusted with all his simple heart had robbed him and run away.

He laughed at the bare suggestion of such a thing at first. Then he was angry at the idea of any one daring to think ill of his wife. When he saw the whole truth he picked his trunk and sent it to the dock.

"Where are you going?" said a man who had helped him hunt for the woman.

"After her," said Charles Van Alstine.

"But!"

Charles Van Alstine hitched his trousers as if his pistol hurt him at the waist band. "This is a mighty small world, partner," he said. "I guess I'll run 'round it once or twice and see if I can't find her."

So he went. And now he is in London, looking. And so the little Scotland Yard detective is his shadow. "In case," he says, "in case, don't ye know, I really finds 'er."

And all of Charles Van Alstine's friends—and the honest, kindly, generous hearted fellow has many friends—are hoping, for his sake, that the little blond angel will run 'round the world faster than he, and keep ahead of him until his blood has time to cool.

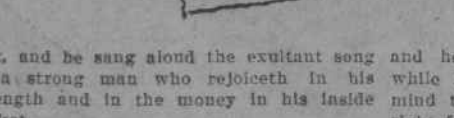
"For," said one of them in a Tenderloin restaurant yesterday, "them furriners is queer; kinder cold-blooded about anything with a gun in it. Call it murder, no matter how you fix it. Call it murder, jest as like as not, and act accordin'."

So, if any one knows of a little pink-and-white angel, with greenish-yellow hair and puffy red cheeks, who has a satchel full of bonds and drafts and jewels given to her by an honest man who loved her up in the Yukon district, he'd better cable her that Charles Van Alstine has waked up and that he is "doing London."

WINIFRED BLACK.

ACT 7. SHE ELOPES TO EUROPE WITH THE MONEY.

THE Scotland Yard detectives in London are looking for a woman from the States who has bonds and drafts and jewels in her satchel. The bonds and drafts and jewels in the satchel were the price paid by Mr. Charles Van Alstine, a Klondike argonaut, who had "struck it rich," for his chance acquaintance on the Yukon steamer with a little "pink and white" woman, who now has the bonds and drafts and jewels. There was a marriage on the steamer, a rare old good time of it on the honeymoon in "Prisco and New York, and then the little "pink and white" wife disappeared. She took with her \$36,000 of Mr. Van Alstine's money and other property, enough to keep her in luxury the rest of her days. Mr. Van Alstine is now in London, having pursued her there in the vain hope that he may recover at least a part of the money he squandered so gullibly.



ACT 8. HE FOLLOWS ON THE NEXT STEAMER

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